The Liberalist

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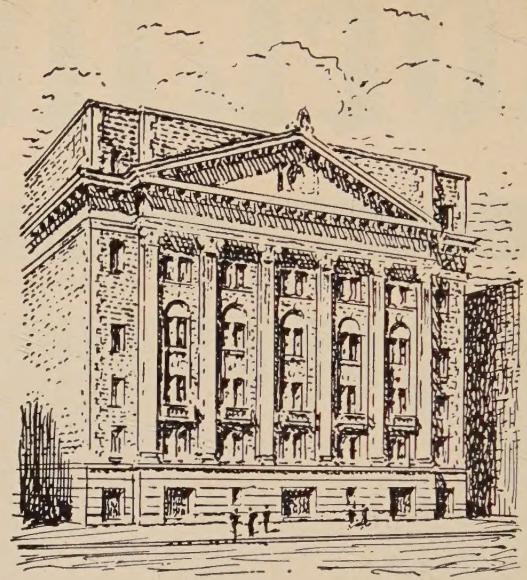
O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness,
And every gain divine!

Katherine Lee Bates



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

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ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

I AM writing this on the day after Easter and just two hours before I leave for New Orleans. I warn you that this will probably be a very incoherent and perhaps slightly confused article. I have been in my Study since 8:00 o'clock this morning, cleaning up my desk and attending to last minute details. I have had very little time at my desk for the past month, and while I have a very efficient and cooperative Study Secretary in Miss Smalley, yet there are many things that require my personal attention. I always like to leave on a trip feeling that everything left behind is in shipshape.

The past two weeks have been the busiest I have ever known. As I look back upon them this morning I have only gratitude and appreciation in my heart for the great privilege which has been mine.

All of Passion Week I spent preaching every noon at the large Palace Theatre in the City of Peoria, Illinois, under the auspices of the Peoria Council of Churches. I made three addresses to the High Schools of Peoria in which I was received by the student body most graciously. That week I made three round-trips to Chicago for evening addresses.

I gave the closing address on Tuesday evening for the Forum of the South Side Hebrew Institute, returned to Peoria by sleeper that night, preached Wednesday noon in the theatre and returned to Chicago Wednesday afternoon in time to give the concluding book lecture for the season in our church.

Peoria is one of the friendliest places I have ever visited and I met some of the finest people I have ever known. It is pitiful that a city as fine as Peoria suffers from the difference between character and reputation. Its reputation for gambling, wicked and corrupt politics belies its true character. It is a city of fine schools, beautiful churches, a splendid university nearby, and it has one of the finest public libraries in our state.

As a member of the Chicago Public Library Board I always visit the public libraries in every city on every trip I take. The librarian of the Peoria Public Library, Mr. Zenophon Smith, is the son of Dr. Frank G. Smith, who for many years was the minister of the Warren Avenue Congregational Church here in Chicago. While Dr. Smith was the pastor of the church he was elected to the State Legislature and became one of our most influential citizens. He is still living, is now an old man, and I hoped it would be possible for me to see him again. I have known him for many years and always greatly admired him. His son, the librarian, is performing the difficult task of being a librarian with distinction. I went all through the library and could easily sense, as I met the department heads, that the spirit of the library is functioning in the high manner which is required of our public libraries.

The Episcopal Bishop of Quincy, the Right Reverend Bishop Essex, whose residence is in Peoria, attended several of the noonday services. I had the opportunity of meeting him and after one of the services he invited me out to visit the Jubilee, a most interesting and historical spot a few miles out of Peoria. Jubilee was one of the early settlements of the community

and there Bishop Chase came on from Ohio more than 100 years ago and founded Jubilee College on the crest of a hill overlooking the Kickapoo River Valley. The college is no longer in existence but the historic and picturesque old chapel and dormitory still remain. They were presented to the State of Illinois and the State now maintains the site as an Illinois State Park. The buildings are old, and of stone construction. As one stands in the chapel and views the old pews, the altar, the pulpit, the old organ, one cannot help but have the feeling that he is in the presence of something sacred.

I found Bishop Essex to be a friendly, buoyant man and with an appreciation of humor. There was nothing of the stuffy, upstage type of ponderous Bishop about him. He was for many years rector of the church in Peoria before being elected Bishop and he lives among his old parishioners and old friends and has as many friends in the community, in the church and out, as any man out of the church. On our return from Jubilee we stopped at his home, where I met his gracious wife and lovely daughter, sat for awhile in his spacious Study as we talked about our interests and the preachers and churches on both sides of the Atlantic. He is an ardent admirer of the Reverend John Hutton, great British editor and preacher, and Dr. Jowett, Dr. John Kelman, Dr. Sylvester Horne, Dr. Joseph Parker and others who were powerful personalities, great preachers, great philosophers and great hearts.

It was refreshing to meet one whose interest was far removed from the mere mechanics and machinery of ecclesiastical activity. As I left he presented me with the book "The Best of John Hutton," an anthology compiled by our mutual friend and great preacher, Dr. Edgar DeWitt Jones.

The members of the Peoria Council and the officers were very gracious and kind to me all the week. I made friendships which I am quite positive will grow increasingly as the years deepen. It was a great experience, this week of preaching, and was a fine preparation for the Holy Week which was to follow.

* * *

I returned to preach in my own pulpit for two beautiful and triumphant services on Palm Sunday, and then the Monday of Holy Week we held our own services at the Erlanger Theatre in the heart of Chicago's loop. This was the 27th year in which I have preached in Chicago's loop during Holy Week and the very best year of them all, in spite of the fact that we had rain for three of the five noons. It is quite an undertaking for one church and one minister to attempt meeting every noon Holy Week in the loop. Just a block away another service was being held in which 27 denominations and 2,000 churches were co-operating in that one service. Another denomination had 125 churches co-operating in a service; another one had over 300 churches co-operating in their service.

We leased the theatre for the period and paid full rental prices and the expenses were very great, but the congregation took care of everything and we came through the week, as far as the financial costs were concerned, with all expenses met and a little surplus for the work of our church.

Individual members of our fine Church Quartet sang for four noon services and on Good Friday we had the entire quartet. It was an experience which deepened my own spiritual foundations and, from the kindly letters, telegrams and telephone messages I have had, many people were helped. After all, that is my only purpose and the only object of our church. We have

no creed to argue or quarrel over, we have no dogma. We respect every man's church and every man's altar and revere every man's race. Our whole approach has always been and I hope always will continue to be one of constructiveness and creativeness, rather than criticism and attack.

Our services at the church every evening were well attended. The Monday and Tuesday evenings are always the most poorly attended. Wednesday night the congregation was larger, Thursday night it was still larger, reaching the climax on Good Friday evening. On Thursday evening we had our Annual Communion Service which attracts a great many people who have no other church loyalties and are not devoted to the traditional communion service, yet still feel the need of being in the presence of a spiritual symbolism during Holy Week. On Thursday evening we always hold a Memorial Service for those who have passed on during the year. This year the list numbered 103 people. I read each of their names and we had a memorial moment in their honor and for their loved ones. It is always a very impressive moment in the church.

Good Friday night our splendid chorus choir and our incomparable quartet, under the direction of one who is conceded to be the finest choral director in the Metropolitan area of Chicago, Professor LeRoy Wetzel, presented Mercadante's "Seven Last Words." I acted as narrator and the large congregation present and all who participated experienced a deepened appreciation of the tragic significance of Good Friday. With this service, the Holy Week services came to a conclusion.

Saturday was a day of activity for me and then, retiring early Saturday evening, I faced the Easter day.

Every minister looks forward to Easter day as the crowning Sunday of the year. Not only is this inspired because of the significance and importance of what the day means, but also because the minister feels he will face the largest congregations of the year, and a large congregation is an inspiration.

Easter day this year in our church was a day that none of us will ever forget. I have never known anything quite like it. There was nothing unique about the great congregations, even though nearly 5,000 people attended the church on Easter day. It was a feeling that a deepening of the spiritual life of the church was taking place. At the early service, attended by nearly a thousand people, we received 53 new members into the church and I christened and dedicated 16 little babies. The service lasted one hour and many who were present remained for the 11 o'clock service. Before the 9 o'clock service was dismissed people were already coming into the top balcony for seats at the 11 o'clock service. At 10:30 there wasn't a seat under the roof and we were amplifying into Anderson Hall, occupied by 300 chairs. People were standing around the back of the top balcony, on the mezzanine and in other places in the church sanctuary.

My sermon was on the one word "Victory," which you will find published in this issue of our church magazine. With the opportunity afforded us by the radio, it was probably one of the most largely attended services anywhere in the country.

After 41 years of ministry and reaching the age of 65, I feel I have been unusually blessed with health and strength, loyalty and friends, that such a triumphant day could come to our church. All of it makes me increasingly humble and at the same

time deepens my sense of responsibility. Every hour of these days is impregnated with uncertainty and anxiety. Everyone is wondering what's going to happen about the cold war, what will take place in Korea and in other treacherous parts of the world.

The most powerful factor in the western world is public opinion. The institution, or the person, the teacher, the lecturer, the preacher, the writer, who has the responsibility of creating public opinion, constitutes the most important factor in our world. Anyone who takes this responsibility lightly is unworthy of it. Never in all of my ministry have I hoped and prayed to be more right than I do today. I face every audience and every microphone with that spirit and in that attitude. It is a terrible and a tragic thing for anyone to advocate any philosophy or theology or exert any influence which is not integrating and cohesive in character. The real enemy of our democracy is the one who advocates and projects racial hatred, religious bigotry or misunderstanding. Now is the time for greatness. Now is the time to justify something which we call civilization, culture and spiritual truth, by being the best exponent each of us can possibly be.

I was very much inspired by the fact that my sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Russell V. Judson, of Linden, Michigan, united with our church on Easter morning. Their coming into the church was to remain a secret until I was in the pulpit and receiving new members, but they thought better of it on Saturday, and so told me that they were uniting with the church. I cannot express my reaction nor my appreciation. I performed their marriage ceremony in June, 1914, on the day they were graduated from the University of Michigan. I left that night for Europe and they left for a wedding trip in Colorado. I christened their two baby daughters, married those two daughters, and christened two sons of one of them—one, Preston Bradley Lind, receiving my name. My sister and her husband had never united with any church, although she has worked in our little village church at Linden, Michigan, and is very much a part of its life. But she never united with the church as a member. They finally concluded that the one church which they wanted to join was The Peoples Church of Chicago. And so it is that one who has known me longer than any living person, and who heard me preach my very first sermon more than 50 years ago, is now a member of our church.

She is a woman of beautiful character, loyal, and a devoted mother, active in the work of the woman's club of her community, active in the Cancer Research Society, a great reader of good literature. Her husband has always been of a studious and scientific attitude of mind, with a character and disposition that makes everyone who knows him love him. Our church is honored and I am inspired beyond expression that at their own suggestion and without my knowledge they desired membership in our church. To me it was a beautiful climax of one of the happiest Easters I have ever known. My happiness was tinged with the sweetness of sorrow as I thought of my loved ones who would have shared with me the joy of this day, as we enjoyed together so many Easter days in the past. I felt their presence in the service and I knew they were uniting with us on this plane of life from the higher altitude of the eternal and beautiful life which must be for all as we meet the life which is beyond life.

The Sunday after Easter I am preaching in the First Unitarian Church at New Orleans, Louisiana;

then we go to Washington, D.C. for the better part of the week, and the following Sunday I preach for an old and a dear friend of mine, the Reverend Dr. W. Waldemar W. Argow, Pastor of the First Unitarian Church of Baltimore, Md. I shall have, for the first time, the great honor of standing in the pulpit where the great William Ellery Channing preached the Baltimore Sermon which has come to be known as the Declaration of Independence of Religious Freedom in the United States.

The next evening I address the State Convention of the Maryland Federation of Woman's Clubs, returning to Chicago on Tuesday, speaking in Milwaukee twice on Wednesday; Thursday I shall be in Jackson, Michigan, Friday night in Grand Rapids, Michigan, returning to Chicago on Saturday evening to preside for the 22nd year at the Annual Dinner of the Friends of Literature; and so it will go until that closing Sunday of June, when I will look forward to a little rest and recuperation on the little island I love, and where cluster the most precious memories of my life.

* * *

June and I desire to express our great happiness in receiving so many Easter cards and lovely Easter letters of encouragement. They strengthen us for the arduous but pleasant tasks of a busy minister's life.

We are printing in this number a complete program of the Sundays which remain in our church year. I hope our radio friends and all of our members will make every effort to be present for our concluding Sundays. I have just received an invitation to preach at Manchester College, Oxford, this summer, also in Dublin, Belfast and London, with a four-day visit to Switzerland, in which the committee meeting will be held for the International Federation of Religious Liberals, looking forward to the next International Convention, which will be held probably in 1954.

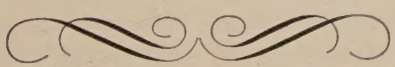
I am grateful to you all, and it is my most ardent hope and continuing prayer that the year ahead will see our church becoming increasingly a citadel of hope, a dynamo of life, a temple of truth, and a spiritual home for the countless numbers who come in and out of its doors.

I must go now and pack my grip and leave for the sunny Southland.

Concluding Sunday Schedule

Dr. Bradley's Sermon Subjects

May 3—Three-Dimensional Religion
May 10—We Need Some Old-Fashioned Mothers (Mother's Day)
May 17—Outdoor vs. Indoor Religion (Outdoor Sunday)
May 24—What Are They Doing to Radio and TV? (Radio Sunday)
May 31—Listen to the Dead (Memorial Sunday)
June 7—Why Belong to a Church? (New Members Received)
June 14—You Control Your Future (Youth Sunday—Baccalaureate Sermon)



"VICTORY"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
Sunday, April 5, 1953
EASTER SUNDAY

EASTER Day is not an argument, Easter Day is an announcement. A great many, in speaking on Easter seem to utilize the day as an opportunity to present arguments in favor of immortality or to develop a philosophy in favor of the unending life. It is necessary to a great many inquiring, doubtful and agnostic minds that arguments be presented with some quality of logic and precision, from those who believe in immortality, and who believe in the continuity of life. And a great many use the Easter Day as the opportunity to present such arguments. I don't propose to use this day for such a purpose, particularly at this morning service. I shall present this evening at seven o'clock what I consider to be the prominent and unimpeachable and logical arguments in behalf of immortality.

At this moment, in this sermon, I want to think of this day and its great fact, namely, the perpetuity of life and the truth that life is never interrupted by the false appearance which we, in our vocabulary, have called "death." I want to see the truth of Easter in the light of applying it to the needs of our individual lives and to the needs of our world. If Jesus survived the manifestation of dissolution, which He did (and everything which happended to the Master was in conformity to physical and materialistic law in this experience of dissolution which we call death, and that's all it is); if the Master survived that, and He did, and was able to leave in the materialistic world, as He did, the corruptible, physical, material body and rise as He did according to the interpretation of the great St. Paul: "when the corruptible put on incorruption and the mortal put on immortality" what is the thing about the survival of Christ that is the most important?

Obviously He could not have had any purpose in survival if death was final for there was no survival; and obviously, meeting, as He did, triumphantly the new opportunity of being released from physical bondage He functioned after the transition called "death" on such a plane that He was able to make His presence felt even to the extent of materializing before those who had known Him before death! Apparently He was able to manifest Himself on a physical plane after He Himself had been translated to an entirely spiritual premise. Therefore the value is not so much merely in the survival and the penetrating the darkness and the gloom and the disaster and the finality of death, as it is in making applicable to your life and to the life of the world the things that He stood for before the transition! Whatever Jesus taught in Palestine; whatever He had to say about the broken and the tortured lives of people; whatever He did to the crooked limbs and the eyes that were blind; whatever He did to the broken hearts; whatever He did to the widow's son, caught and trapped in the manifestation of death, whatever He did *before* the transition, *after* the transition He could do still more!

The value of Easter at its highest is not an argument about the Resurrection; it is not an argument about how it happened; it is not an argument

about where the physically resurrected body of Christ happens to be at this moment; it is none of these things. The heart and the soul of Easter is to be found in this! He has demonstrated the continuity of the eternally righteous; He has demonstrated that goodness has a survival value which no evil can thwart; He has demonstrated that light and life and love are not amenable to the laws of death and darkness and disease; He has demonstrated that these are the continuing values that nothing can disturb and nothing can prevent their operation when an environment favorable to the manifestation of these laws is created among us.

Therefore the transcendent value of Easter is to be found in the fact that nothing has happened to goodness; nothing has happened to truth; nothing has happened to love; nothing has happened to purity; nothing has happened to honesty; nothing has happened to healing, nothing has happened—nothing! They are the continuing and the penetrating realities which *live* beyond the manifestation of materialism and death! Therefore to follow through, if we are to be logical, emphasizing as we always do in this tradition, what Jesus taught, what Jesus did, how He lived, the range of His heart and all the beauty of His life, when are we truly accepting the Easter fact? Are we accepting it merely by singing Christ is alive? Are we accepting it merely to go to an open tomb and say He's not here, therefore He lives? Are we to accept Christ on the basis of mere ceremony? Are we to think of the truth of Easter being incorporated only within the orbit of some traditional presentation?

What is the reality of Easter? I maintain that everything Jesus taught *before* His death should be continued with renewed energy *after* His victory over death! Therefore the only continuing importance to the whole Easter program is not this temporary flare-up of interest in the church; it is not the parade that will take place in a few minutes on Michigan Avenue; it is not all the excitement; it isn't even the new hats and the new shoes; it isn't even the flowers. All this is beautiful; all of it is good; all of it I endorse, but Easter isn't your coming to church once a year (you know I'm here every Sunday), and it isn't the fact that you feel the imperative of making a special effort to come to church on Easter. That isn't Easter! Easter isn't any of these things. These are all gestures, partly psychological, partly the mood and the tempo of things, partly the tradition of things. This is a beautiful tradition, this Easter, but I'm not satisfied with it as a tradition.

I believe that the surest way to manifest a belief that Christ lives, and that Christ has been victorious, is to *apply* in our individual living and our social relationships the same fundamental truths that Jesus taught *before* He died. The value of these truths are not conditioned by death. We are really honoring Christ in the truth of Easter if we go out into the world of which we are a part and out to our individual influences and *live* this life among our fellow men!

That's why I think that it's Easter, truly Easter, and Christ has truly risen, when those who say they follow Him and worship Him shall not *die* as He *died,* but shall *live* as He *lived!* That means that we've got to come to terms with the great international situation in the world today. Christ is out of the tomb. All right! If He were preaching an Easter sermon what would He say about war? Do you believe Christ is alive? If you do you must accentuate that belief by stand-

(*Continued on page* 21)

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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EDITORIAL

TIMES may be bad, and the world in a turmoil, but after all our worst enemies are within. It is our enemies within that prevent us from living serene lives and which keep us from mastering our environments. These enemies are fear, worry, cynicism and the other negative traits which make us old, and prevent us from enjoying life as it goes along from day to day. They blind us to the beauty which all of us in large measure have, even the underprivileged.

Worries are luxuries. You can't afford them. And you don't have to worry unless you want to. Of course there are many, many fears which constantly suggest themselves to all of us. These involve our health, our position and what the unknown tomorrow may bring to us or to members of our family. We all dread the hour when it will be necessary to say "Farewell" to someone we love. Life is constantly obsessed by such fears.

Our physical associations tend to keep us constantly afraid. We fear illness, disillusionment for our affections, misunderstanding by those who know and love us, loss of social standing. One of the most universal of all fears is the fear of poverty. I wonder if there is anyone who does not some time worry over what would happen if he were suddenly to be incapacitated or if his position were taken from him.

Now, sit down quietly, alone, look your fears in the face and say, "Come in now out of the dark. Let me take you one by one. You are trying to control me and dictate my course in life. You are making me miserable and unhappy and I am going to make you undergo the inspection of reason. If you take that attitude, you are already on the way to recovery.

Crowd out the fear by substituting for it the *creative* thought. Say to yourself, "I am trying to do good, to be helpful, to be encouraging. No penalty can be exacted for doing good. Nothing can really hurt me." Say that and mean it and the fear vanishes.

If in this positive world you take a negative attitude toward life, you pay the inevitable penalty of disharmony, worry and alarm. No one can live without faith in the supremacy of good and not be punished with a chaotic self. Affirm that you are living in a universe

dedicated to good, amid a humanity fundamentally sound and moral; that you are yourself a part of the eternal life principle, and you will replace fear with something that can forever keep you from yielding to it again.

To every fearful one, to everyone who is broken or hurt, to everyone anxious or sorrowing, let me say "There is good news." Cleanse your brains from sin and filth. Cleanse your bodies from disease. Now that you are masters, now that you are part of the universal personality of good, your fears can no longer keep out glorious, beautiful, vibrant life. Begin to eradicate your fears today, where you are! Be on good terms with yourself, and you will be on good terms with a whole glorious universe.

BOOK CHATS

IN OUR Book Chats in the March Liberalist you will remember we talked about Raymond F. Keller's book, *Cinderella With the Wooden Slippers,* the true story of how Maria de Vos, or Rie, who formerly lived on a little island off the coast of Holland, came to be a member of Mr. Keller's family. Recently I received at the Study a copy of a magazine that is published for all United States Rubber Company people in New York, called *U.S. New Yorkers.* Mr. Keller, besides being the author of the book, is branch merchandise manager in one of the divisions of the U.S. Rubber Company. Under the heading "Letter from Holland," was published a letter which had been received by Maria from her family who still live on the little island of Goeree-en-Overflakkee, one of the hardest hit in the huge floods and storms covering three European countries early in February. Here is the letter:

February 3, 1953.

Dear Rie:

You will have heard by radio or newspaper of the catastrophe which has come to us. I know you will be worried. I have been trying to get a cable through but we are isolated from the world. Saturday night with a terrible northwest storm, a great flood came up and everything is just covered. The water came three feet high over the dykes. We have brought some things up to the attic but didn't have much time and much is spoiled. There is at least five feet of water in the houses. Much more than in the last war.

It is a national catastrophe. We are now three nights and two days in the attic. Luckily we had some food up here and candles. Our greatest problem was water. We are trying to get it from the roof. It was a terribly frightening night. First the water in the streets and then all of a sudden in the house and in a matter of minutes it rose tremendously.

Rie, we are now ruined. Barns are gone and the onions in the fields are gone, and our pigs are drowned. But I must stop. All people here are in the same trouble and, after all, we are still alive. Help has arrived by airplane and boat. The sick people are being evacuated. After that, they will take the women and children, if they can. I will try to send our children to Amsterdam. Marius, who has been quite sick, could go on this boat, but he wants to stay

with us. I don't know how everything will come out, but we are still alive. Everything is so mixed up and difficult again, but we will manage again. Many greetings.

Father."

The article continues: "Since the writing of this letter, Rie reports that over 400 people in her area were lost in the floods. The deVos family has been safely evacuated to Amsterdam, and Rie's father has remained on the island to help rebuild the dykes."

Because this letter refers to the family of the heroine of *Cinderella With the Wooden Slippers,* we thought you might like to refer back to the review of the book in the March Liberalist.

* * *

The Navy sent Frank Gibney to study Japanese during World War II. Since that time he has spent six of the last ten years in intimate association with Japan and its people. Though only twenty-eight he is one of our most knowledgeable authorities on modern Japan.

During the war he interrogated prisoners of war in the Pacific and later served with the Occupation in Japan. He speaks the language well, so has been able to get far beneath the formal surface which the people of this country so often present to Westerners.

After a year and a half as a correspondent in Europe, in 1949 he went back to Japan and headed the Tokyo bureau of Time Magazine. He and three others were the first three correspondents to get to Korea, at the outbreak of war there. The first casualty on the American side, he was wounded, making his escape from Seoul. Later he commuted between Japan and the Korean front, before he returned to the United States.

His brilliant mind, sense of humor, and personal concern for the hidden realities of modern Japanese life have contributed to make his book, *Five Gentlemen of Japan,* the most readable and human picture of Japan which we have today. The publishers, Farrar, Straus and Young, call the book "The Portrait of a Nation's Character."

The fascinating heroes of Gibney's brilliant book are a newspaperman, an ex-Navy vice-admiral, a steel worker, a farmer, and the 124th Emperor of Japan. Every one of them is strongly individual, yet share the common inheritance of Japan's precocious and unstable past.

We are given, through their lives and attitudes, an invaluable analysis of this new sovereign nation which has been suddenly thrown into the world's power conflicts.

Through this author we are helped to understand the historical and social forces which make Japan what she is today—the old contracts and loyalties from which each of the Five Gentlemen is struggling to free himself and his country. The story of their courageous efforts to weld a new Japan from the remains of the old society, and to come to terms with the present, is as exciting as it is significant. Should they succeed, and the book gives strong indication that they will—great hope for the free world lies in their success.

Margaret Parton, of the New York Herald Tribune says, "Gibney's book, written in an easy, relaxed style, is a remarkable distillation of the work of scholars, plus a great deal of original thinking. Time Magazine calls it "a crisp, lucid book . . . highly readable and informative." And Gordon Walker of the Christian Science Monitor says of it, "A superb job. He has given an excellent analysis of Japan's history. Where he has excelled even more is in portraying the mind of the nation."

* * *

A tiny little pocket book of 61 pages

was published April 15th by The Ralston Publishing Company, Engineers Building, Cleveland, Ohio, $1.00. It is called *Your Greatest Power,* by J. Martin Kohe. It can be read through in less than an hour by a slow reader. It is filled with creative, healthful thinking. If you benefit from reading an inspirational book you will want this one on your bedside stand for handy reference.

* * *

The next time you visit the library be sure to ask for the little yellow pamphlet called "Read Before You Travel." The Central Library has been distributing it during April at the noon-hour programs and also at the Travel Show. In it you will find books listed about the Eastern United States, the Western, the North and the South; about Canada, about the mountains, parks and seashore; also about foreign lands. Wherever you may be going this summer or wherever you may wish you could go, you will find a book listed in this yellow pamphlet to tell you all about it.

* * *

Everyone likes a tiny book now and then, and especially is it attractive in the summertime. Of the book I am about to mention, Will Rogers, Jr. said, "This is a book my father would have loved." It is an unusual kind of anthology. In it are selections from the wit and wisdom of America's country editors. The selections are classified under such titles as Lives of Country Living—People, Bless Them and Help Them—We, Ourself—Out Home—A World on Our Hands, Too—Women: They're Enough—The Bubble-Gum Crowd—Take It Easy—'Teen is Our Age—The Gentle Passion, Spoofed—Nature, in Her Various Moods, Is Rather Special—Man, Unpaired—Too Late to Classify. All this inside of 93 small pages makes delightful, humorous reading for odd moments.

The selections for this book, the title of which I nearly forgot to mention—*A Little Treasury of Main Street, U.S.A.*—were made by John M. Henry. Mr. Henry was born on a farm in Iowa and has never lost touch with the soil. Educated in rural schools and at the University of Kansas, since then he has been in newspaper work, except for the year during which he served (under Lieutenant Dwight D. Eisenhower) in World War I. His newspaper work has covered country, small town, and finally The Des Moines Register and Tribune, where he is director of Public Affairs. He is married and has two children. The book is published by The Vanguard Press, Inc., and costs $2.

* * *

Norman Vincent Peale is minister of New York's Marble Collegiate Church. This church has an enormous congregation. Its minister is nationally known through his newspaper and magazine writings as well as through the broadcast of his Sunday sermons. His previous books include *A Guide to Confident Living* (over 300,000 copies in print), *Faith is the Answer* and *The Art of Real Happiness.* They have brought practical help and new hope to millions of readers. Now Dr. Peale has written a new book, *The Power of Positive Thinking,* published by Prentice-Hall.

Dr. Peale's books are always practical, down-to-earth answers to the reader's needs. In this his latest book he shows the reader: 10 simple, workable rules for developing confidence—3 proven secrets for keeping up your vigor—13 actual examples of how prayer power helped people in need—4 words that lead to success—5 actual techniques used by successful men to overcome defeat—an 8-point spiritual

healing formula—a 10-point guide to popularity, and much more.

Any book that gives that many workable helps to better living, when written by a man who has had the successful years of helping people that are to Dr. Peale's credit, is well worth owning. Though it were to cost double and triple its modest $2.95, it would be worth it. This book is valuable because the help is there providing the reader will use it. I quote from his rules for developing and building up confidence:

"1. Formulate and stamp indelibly on your mind a mental picture of yourself as succeeding. Hold this picture tenaciously. Never permit it to fade. Your mind will seek to develop this picture. Never think of yourself as failing; never doubt the reality of the mental image. That is most dangerous, for the mind always tries to complete what it pictures. So *always* picture 'success' no matter how badly things seem to be going at the moment.

"2. Whenever a negative thought concerning your personal powers comes to mind, deliberately voice a positive thought to cancel it out.

"3. Do not build up obstacles in your imagination. Depreciate every so-called obstacle. Minimize them. Difficulties must be studied and efficiently dealt with to be eliminated, but they must be seen for only what they are. They must not be inflated by fear thoughts.

"4. Do not be awestruck by other people and try to copy them. Nobody can be you as efficiently as YOU can. Remember also that most people, despite their confident appearance and demeanor, are often as scared as you are and as doubtful of themselves.

"5. Ten times a day repeat these dynamic words, 'If God be *for* us, who can be *against* us?' (Romans 8:31) (Stop reading and repeat them NOW slowly and confidently.)"

I have given only 5 of the 10 rules, but these will show you the practicality of Dr. Peale's teaching. Dr. Karl Menninger, famous psychiatrist, has said: "Attitudes are more important than facts." Dr. Peale thinks that sentence is worth repeating until it grips you. That any fact facing us, however difficult, even seemingly hopeless, is not so important as our attitude toward that fact. How you think about a fact may defeat you before you ever do anything about it.

Dr. Peale is a great believer in gratitude. To one man who consulted him, a man 52 years of age who was very despondent and stated that everything he had built up over his lifetime had been swept away, Dr. Peale said "Everything?" Then Dr. Peale took a piece of paper and suggested they write down the values the man had left.

"There's no use," said the man. "I told you, I haven't a single thing left."

But by careful questioning Dr. Peale found out he had these things left:

1—A wonderful wife—married for thirty years.

2—Three devoted children who would stand by him.

3—Friends who would help him and who would hold him in esteem.

4—Integrity—nothing to be ashamed of.

5—Good physical health.

6—He lived in the United States, the greatest country in the world.

7—He had religious faith.

The man hadn't thought of those things—things to be grateful for, and with which, by adding to himself a little confidence, he could start all over again. This he did, and succeeded.

In discussing the power of prayer, Dr. Peale suggests we do not always

ask when we pray, but instead affirm that God's blessings are being given, and spend most of our prayers giving thanks. Never use a negative thought in prayer. Only positive thoughts get results. And always express willingness to accept God's will, for what God gives may be better than what we ask for.

"Pray for people you do not like or who have mistreated you. Resentment is blockade number one of spiritual power. Make a list of people for whom to pray. The more you pray for other people, especially those not connected with you, the more prayer results will come back to you."

All through the book Dr. Peale gives actual examples of interviews with people who have been helped by trying the ideas suggested in his book.

From his chapter on "How to Break the Worry Habit" I quote the following:

"2. You became a worrier by practicing worry. You can become free of worry by practicing the opposite and stronger habit of faith. With all the strength and perseverance you can command, start practicing faith.

"5. Practice saying something positive concerning everything about which you have been talking negatively. Talk positively. For example, don't say, 'This is going to be a terrible day.' Instead, affirm, 'This is going to be a glorious day.' Don't say, 'I'll never be able to do that.' Instead affirm, 'With God's help I will do that.' There are eight more suggestions under this heading which I have not quoted.

There is a chapter on "How to Get People to Like You." Is there anyone who doesn't want to be well liked? If so, I am sorry for that person. What an unfortunate and tragic frame of mind, not to want to be liked! One of Dr. Peale's suggestions is, "2. Be a comfortable person so there is no strain in being with you—be an old-shoe, old-hat kind of individual. Be homey.

"3. Acquire the quality of relaxed easy-goingness so that things do not ruffle you.

"4. Don't be egotistical. Guard against giving the impression that you know it all. Be natural and normally humble.

"6. Study to get the 'scratchy' elements out of your personality, even those of which you may be unconscious.

"9. Never miss an opportunity to say a word of congratulation upon anyone's achievement, or express sympathy in sorrow or disappointment."

There is an epilogue to Dr. Peale's book which I am going to quote fully:

"You have finished this book. What have you read?

"Simply a series of practical and workable techniques for living a successful life. You have read a formula of belief and practice which should help you win victory over every defeat.

"Examples have been given of people who have believed and who have applied the suggested techniques. These stories have been told to demonstrate that through the same methods you can obtain the same results as they did. But reading is not enough. Now please go back and persistently practice each technique given in this book. Keep at it until you obtain the desired results.

"I wrote this book out of a sincere desire to help you. It will give me a great happiness to know that the book has helped you. I have absolute confidence and belief in the principles and methods outlined in this volume. They have been tested in the laboratory of spiritual experience and practical demonstration. They work when worked.

"We may never meet in person, but

in this book we have met. We are spiritual friends. I pray for you. God will help you—so believe and live successfully.

Norman Vincent Peale."

What a wonderful book to have on hand; to dip into often; to use to live by; to offer to a friend who needs help; to give to a friend. It is a practical guide to mastering the problems of everyday living.

* * *

Allan A. Michie is an American, living and working in England. He has for a long time been deeply interested in the British Royal Family as an institution. He has had an unusual opportunity to study Britain's modern monarchy in action. Americans will find his book *God Save the Queen* (A Modern Monarchy—What it is and What it Does) an authoritative guide for years to come, and Englishmen have already dubbed it "the finest and most genuine account yet written of the role of monarchy in Britain today."

Mr. Michie, a magazine correspondent for many years, has written a number of other important books, including *Keep the Peace Through Air Power, Air Offensive Against Germany,* and others.

This important book of Mr. Michie's is the complete story of the British monarchy in action. It is richly detailed, highly readable, and a superb account of the British kingship. It is much more than a biography of Elizabeth II or a collection of intimate portraits of the Royal Family. It is all of those things, but it is also the complete story of the monarchy, its near-mystical relationship with its subjects, and its ultimate significance to the modern world.

In chapters devoted to each member of the Royal Family, there are delightful anecdotes about the present Queen, the late King, the Queen Mother, the late Queen Mary, Princess Margaret and Prince Philip.

The traditions and pageantry are described minutely; the privileges and the pains of one of the most highly organized forms of government we have known.

The intricate and formal routine is described by which the Royal Family lives; the domestic details of their various households. A full picture is given of the coronation procedure. The author's interest ranges all the way from the ritual significance of royal pageantry to who pays the bills for the 2,000 light bulbs in daily use in Buckingham Palace.

As an American living in England, Allan Michie had to discover the inner meanings, duties and symbolism of royalty by gradual degrees and his report has that remarkable clarity that comes only from exhaustive research on a subject of great fascination, and the fresh, objective approach of an outsider.

The result is a masterful definition of the British monarchy and its many ramifications.

Reading such books as *Five Gentlemen of Japan,* mentioned earlier in the Book Chats, and *God Save the Queen* helps to broaden one's understanding of this complicated world background of ours. It is without doubt more satisfying than an evening spent at the TV set.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

BR-R-R-R-R! Who said it's spring? All the Study windows are down, the heat is turned on and the radiators are making a comforting hissing sound. To be sure the grass in the park is showing a lot of green, but with clouds in the sky, dripping rain every little while, and the line where lake and sky are supposed to meet at the horizon almost entirely obscured in foggy haze, one feels like saying, "O Spring, please hurry up a bit. You could be so beautiful!"

However, as I looked out of a window a few minutes ago I saw a handsome drake and a dull-looking duck go waddling down the sidewalk eight floors below. Said I, "It's Spring all right." When next I spied on the sentimental pair, I saw the drake out on the grass about two feet from the sidewalk. "Where's the duck?" I thought. I looked and looked and looked, and just about as I was giving up the hunt, I discovered the duck sitting on the ground just two feet away from her handsome escort, but so near the color of the mud beneath her was she, that one could hardly distinguish her.

Just about then a pedestrian came by, and up jumped Mr. Drake and walked right over to protect his lady. Then they started off on a jaunt again, but a downpour came and they sought the edge of the bushes. The shower over, Mr. Drake began to preen and preen and preen. After much shaking of the feathers he looked around at the lady as much as to say, "Well, what do you think of me?" I couldn't hear her answer, but I thought to myself: "She certainly should be proud of such a handsome gentleman escort." She tried a little preening on her own account, but it was so futile beside his colorful beauty, one felt inclined to laugh. Too bad she couldn't take advantage of modern cosmetics, hair tinting and what-not. Wonder if the "old man" would become so jealous of her attempt to out-do him that he would leave her for a homelier woman? Believe it or not, the sun has just burst through after the downpour and out over the lake I see my first spring rainbow—and though a bit faint, it's a double one. Right here I had to stop and dash over to the other side of the apartment and call Mrs. Duffy. "It's the first spring rainbow," I called. "You must see it!" I felt just as excited and joyous as when I heard my first robin just a short time ago. And that is the only robin I've heard. If I just hear a few more robins and see another rainbow or two then I'll know spring has come to stay. However, I've just talked with Dennis Trettel, an expert weather man, and he says there is a little trouble brewing to the west, so no telling what to expect.

More spring excitement! Mrs. Duffy is still standing in the window and reports the "loving pair" are now strolling up the sidewalk again, the duck ahead, and "Handsome" some two feet to the rear. We have decided they are definitely out looking for an apartment. They are fully three blocks away from the lake and still going north. A big

yellow dog has just come along and frightened them. They have flown over to this side of the street and are temporarily encamped on someone's front lawn. Probably "Handsome" will let her do all the dickering with the landlord, but later on, if things are not entirely satisfactory, unless he is very good at human relations, he may be heard to say, "I thought you were making a mistake when you took that apartment." Oh, dear, have I forgotten how scarce apartments are? This loving pair will probably have to satisfy themselves with a tent in the park. But they will be all right, for, as Elizabeth Cheney said, you remember,

Said the Robin to the Sparrow,
"I should really like to know
Why these anxious human beings
Rush about and worry so."

Said the Sparrow to the Robin,
"Friend, I think that it must be
That they have no Heavenly Father
Such as cares for you and me."

You can plainly see from all this balderdash that spring is having a bit of an effect on me, too. In fact I've been wondering why I felt so unreasonably ecstatic and elated these days.

* * *

A card came from New Orleans the other day from Mrs. Bradley. She said it was just "divine" down there, especially mentioning the food, a contemplated trip to Biloxi, and a river trip. Then along came some New Orleans newspaper clippings from Dr. Bradley, to be added to his 1953 scrapbook. There were photos of himself and Dr. Albert D'Orlando, of New Orleans, and some very fine write-ups, one a lengthy interview of Dr. Bradley. I am sure we will read all about it in the June "Along the Way."

* * *

Opening the Mail Bag, I find this beautifully grateful letter from The Reverend Fred D. Shandorf, Jr., Minister, The Methodist Church, of Amboy and Vernon Center, Minnesota, of the Mankato District. It seems to me our richest blessings come through our attitude of gratefulness. I am sure our readers will feel that a letter like the following will richly bless both Dr. Bradley and the Reverend Shandorf, Jr.:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:

"I thought today that the time has certainly come when I ought to put into writing my very deep appreciation for receiving The Liberalist from your office as a gift.

"Beginning with the time I was in theological school in Garrett in 1942, I heard many of the evening sermons and book reviews during the fall and winter season of the year. Then I went into the army and The Liberalist followed me to the South Pacific and back home again. Now I am in Minnesota and still a devotee of your kind of preaching. If I confessed how many times I have 'stolen' ideas for a sermon from your writings, you would not believe it. No other man in America today has had more influence on my preaching than you have. Incidentally, I have saved every copy of The Liberalist or 'The Dial' from the first copy I acquired as a student in 1942.

"I certainly want to say thank you for sending me these publications as a gift. It has meant more to me than I can say. The last time I heard you preach in person was the evening service on Easter Day in 1944. I wonder if your secretary could inquire as to the radio stations in Minnesota which carry any of your broadcasts. Thank you again for the gift subscription to The Liberalist. I will continue to save every copy for my file.

"Fred D. Shandorf, Jr."

* * *

I shall not give the name of the one

who wrote the following letter, but shall make a quotation from this letter which brought a contribution to the church:

"About a year ago I had a severe shock due to the accidental discovery of what I felt was a great wrong done to me by someone I hold very dear. I had tried again and again to forget my pride and the great injury to my ego, especially so because I knew the person was trying to make amends. After listening to your reading of Mr. Foley's poem last Sunday and your inspiring sermon afterward, I felt that I had at last won the battle, for a great sense of peace came over me. I felt you were talking straight to me, and I shall not again allow that particular problem to embitter my thoughts. Furthermore, I went straight to the person and had a heart-to-heart understanding.

"I am sure this is just one of many similar letters you will have received in grateful acknowledgment of your wonderful help."

Letters such as these gladden Dr. Bradley's heart. We all like to see the fruit of our labors. It makes all the work worth while.

* * *

From Harvey, Illinois, this letter found its way to the Mail Bag:

"I listened to your services today as I always do, but I have never been so inspired by a sermon before in my whole life. From the very beginning of your talk, I sat on the edge of my chair, spellbound, unable to move. It seemed that you personally knew my problems and that you were talking especially to me.

"On last June fifth my husband passed on, just after we had been married a little over four years. With his passing my house fell, and I am having much difficulty trying to build it up. Just as you said in your talk, I have done to some extent like the woman whose bridegroom could never arrive; I have tried to hold on to that which is passed and live in a dream. I realized that I was losing my balance but I could not pull myself out of my dream. Your sermon this morning has given me courage and a way out. I shall from this moment 'spread out my tent and stretch it.' I believe I can 'rebuild the house.'

"Thanks for a wonderful, life-giving sermon. May I say that my husband always enjoyed your sermons because they are truth and life.

"Please accept this small contribution. May God bless you and give you strength to continue to speak the truth, and to extend charity to all mankind."

The last two letters above came in response to the same sermon, and both, you notice, speak of the directness of Dr. Bradley's message.

* * *

Now from the Mail Bag we take a letter from the Peoria Area Council of Churches, L. W. Hesse, President, in reference to the services in the Palace Theatre during Passion Week:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:

"The citizenry of Peoria are still talking about the outstanding messages you delivered last week.

"And insofar as the Council is concerned, our morale is high because of the tremendous impression you made upon the community, our members and our members' members. And that is to say nothing about the fact that you established attendance and contribution records.

"We're deeply indebted to you for taking the time from your busy schedule to do this important work. Our sincerest thanks to you.

"Peoria Area Council of Churches,

"L. W. Hesse, President."

* * *

So many of our church members will

love to read this beautiful letter from Jane Waters French (Mrs. Louis C.), a member of the Woman's Club of The Peoples Church since 1916 (36 years). I have just checked the Woman's Club Year Book and find there are five other members who joined in the 'teen years: Martha Denicke (Mrs. C. W.) 1916; Willie Gairing (Mrs. G. U.) 1913; Alice Lee (Mrs. Rufus) 1917; Mrs. Alice Pearson, 1917, and Alice Slack (Mrs. W. A.) 1917. Here is Mrs. French's letter:

My dear Friend and Pastor:

Last Sunday (March 22nd) I heard you over the radio. At the time you said your subject next Sunday would be "A Faith to Face Death." That was the first time I had heard your voice since that day, some two months ago, when you sat by my bedside and tried to bring comforting words to me by saying "We are going to have you up again soon."

At the time I didn't believe a word of what you said, and it passed through my mind—"He is only trying to comfort me; I wish he realized I'm not afraid to die."

I have been so near the border twice in the past three years and still for some unknown reason I remain "earth-bound." Why? That confuses me more than anything else. I wish you would preach a sermon some day on the subject "Why old lonely, useless people are left here, after they seemingly have long since outlived their usefulness in life."

Regardless of what you say on "A Faith to Face Death," I want you to know that in the last 39 years that I've listened to you, you have let enough filter through your sermons to prepare me (and I'm sure many others) so that "though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil."

I'm still "in the woods," and the road back to where I was when I was struck down is long and rough, I know that. I hope to be able to hear you Sunday, and shall listen with interest.

Please remember, I do keenly appreciate all you have done for me with your philosophy of life, and thank you so much!

Jane Waters French,
1508 Sunnyside Ave. (40).

* * *

Mrs. Dorothy Ann Leedom sent in a poem which she composed after hearing Dr. Bradley mention that a forthcoming sermon was to be called "How to Overcome Pessimism."

She calls it

SONG OF THE CRICKET

He scorned the rain with furrowed brow
Which on his cheek did sting.
I felt it, too, but on my cheek
It seemed the kiss of Spring.

He walked with head bent low—despaired,
And cursed the darkness nigh.
I saw the stars as lanterns low,
And watched the moon go by.

He tasted bitter quaffs of wine—
Drank sorrow's lonely cup.
I found a path beside a spring;
My spirit lifted up.

He smelled the stench of motor-cars,
And busses 'long the street.
I found a purple hyacinth—
Its perfume rare and sweet.

He heard a coin drop in the mob—
How good to him that ring;
He heard the silver dollar;
I heard the cricket sing.

* * *

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

RETURN ENGAGEMENT

Drama Tea—Sunday, May 10, 4:00 P.M., Anderson Hall

By popular request: Goeffrey Lardner and Jane Lilli will present scenes from Noel Coward's "Private Lives." Everyone welcome —no admission charge.

VICTORY

(*Continued from page* 9)

ing where Christ stood against war! That's bringing Him into immortality and into life! What about poverty? What about old age, suffering and need? What about rats chewing at little babies in dilapidated houses not far from where great temples and cathedrals of worship rise to the sky? What about boasting that a city has the highest cross in the world? That's the boast of Chicago. We have the highest cross in the world; so high, that at night it parts the stars and in the daytime is a comrade of the clouds!

The cross of Christ has no virtue in the sky; the cross of Christ is in the dirt and in the mud and in the streets and in the gutters and in the poverty and in the war and in the tragedy of a world! What would Christ say to a city that shouts to high heaven today with its four thousand churches packed to overflowing, with its singing and its music and its cheers for Christ? What can He say: "If you believe I have risen, and you believe I have conquered death, then I am alive, and that means you must re-act what I stood for in your life and in the world!" That means war and poverty and disease and hate and racial bigotry and religious controversy and all these things that have grown up like barnacles upon the ship of civilization must be discarded. We will do that if we *really* believe Christ has risen!

Dr. Bradley's Engagements

MARCH

1—Two Services. Peoples Church
3—Attendance at Funeral
4—Meeting. Chicago Commission on Human Relations
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
5—Book Review. Auditorium, The Fair
Address. East Aurora Teacher's Association, Aurora, Ill.
6—Address. Congregation Shaare Tikvah.
7—Wedding
8—Two Services. Peoples Church
9—Testimonial Dinner to Reuben G. Soderstrom, President, Ill. Federation of Labor
10—Funeral
Address. Annual Dinner, Association of University Women, First Presbyterian Church, LaPorte, Ind.
11—Funeral
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
12—Address. Food Products Club, Hotel Sherman
13—Address. Logan County Teacher's Association, Mt. Pulaski, Ill.
15—Two Services. Peoples Church
16—Banquet Address. Annual Farmer's Evening School. High School, Algona, Iowa
18—Book Lecture. Peoples Church
19—Funeral
Address. Men's Club Dinner. Methodist Church. Ft. Atkinson, Wis.
Lenten Service. First Methodist Church. Ft. Atkinson, Wis.
20—Address. Assembly. Lincoln High School. Milwaukee, Wis.
Address. Lenten Service. First Methodist Church, Milwaukee, Wis.
21—Two funerals
22—Two Services. Peoples Church
23—Sermon. Palace Theatre. Series for Peoria Area Council of Churches. Peoria, Ill.
24—Palace Theatre. Peoria, Ill. Sermon. Peoria Council
Address. Assembly, Woodruff High School. Peoria, Ill.
Address. South Side Hebrew Congregation, Forum. Chicago
25—Address. Assembly. East Peoria High School, Peoria, Ill.
Sermon, Palace Theatre. Peoria
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
26—Address, Palace Theatre, Peoria
Visited Jubilee College
27—Address, Palace Theatre
28—Three weddings
Two Funerals
29—Two services, Peoples Church
30—Address, Erlanger Theatre
Address, Peoples Church
31—Address, Erlanger Theatre
Address, Peoples Church

FUNERALS

3—Attendance. Rabbi Felix S. Mendelsohn
10—Judge Wm. R. Waugh
11—Mrs. Augusta E. Zander
19—George P. Reisenhus
21—Pascal Sylvester
Reginald D. French
28—Mrs. Belle Pinkerton
Henry Von Oppen

WEDDINGS

11—Elizabeth Grunenberg and Dr. Lyman Rowley
28—Josephine Ringer and James Naatz
Doris Louise Rowley and John David Romanoff
Virginia Brick and Everett M. Cox

CHRISTENINGS

8—Ronald William Droegmyer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ross Droegmyer
Arthur Jay LeVoy, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur LeVoy

22—Candace Lee Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Jones

April 5—EASTER SUNDAY
Lynn Betty Bilek, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bilek
Sharon Ann Cull, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Cull
Deborah Lee Daubs and William Eugene Daubs, children of Mr. and Mrs. Monte Gene Daubs
Thomas Henry Dettelbach, son of Dr. and Mrs. Harold R. Dettelbach
Mary Arlene McCoy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hallie McCoy
Barbara Sison, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Sison
Ronald Wayne Smith, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Smith
Kurt Jeffrey Stille, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Stille
Darlene Grace Syvertsen, Nancy Decorah Syvertsen and William Sparre Syvertson, children of Mr. and Mrs. William Syvertsen
Steven Paul Richard Wudtke, son of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Wudtke
Karin Anne Swanson and Linnea Swanson, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Swanson

New Members Publicly Welcomed Into the Peoples Church on Easter Sunday, April 5

Mrs. Mona Abbott
Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Barnett
Mr. James Blevins
Mrs. Anna Boehm
Miss Ruth Boehm
Mr. and Mrs. R. Dow
Mr. John DeFriend
Mr. and Mrs. George Ehrhardt
Mr. James Falk
Mr. Joseph Falls, Jr.
Mrs. Kate Howe Fay (Elgin, Ill.)
Mrs. Fritzie Franklin
Mr. and Mrs. George Gough, Jr. (Glenview, Ill.)
Mr. and Mrs. George E. Green
Mrs. Alice Corinne Gregg
Mrs. Louise Haime (Evanston, Ill.)
Mrs. William Harmsen
Miss Helen Helgesen
Mr. Oscar B. Horowitz
Miss Margaret Johnson (from First Methodist Church of Danville, Illinois)
Mrs. Virginia Johnson
Mrs. Bertha Wilson
Mr. and Mrs. Russell V. Judson of Linden, Mich.
Mrs. Frances Klyman
Miss Mildred Long
Mrs. W. C. Long
Mrs. Floyd J. Lucas (Oak Park, Ill.)
Mrs. Ella C. Lugge
Mrs. Elizabeth Lurie
Mrs. Leontine McCoy
Miss Mary McCoy
Mrs. Hazel D. Miller
Mrs. Natalia C. Nelson
Mr. Irving Neubauer (from St. Timothy's Lutheran Church)
Mr. Phillip Bruce Peck
Mrs. Verne Pennock
Mr. and Mrs. Albert E. Phillips
Mr. Paul H. Rehorst
Mr. and Mrs. Paul Rehorst
Mr. Joseph Ruzicka
Dr. and Mrs. B. R. Sharp (Elgin, Ill.)
Miss Minnie R. Snell
Miss Nancy Syvertsen

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Superintendent..... 9:30 a.m.

Sunday Morning Service—Broadcast WJJD.....11:00 a.m.

Woman's Club—Monday, May 4th, Edgewater Beach Hotel, East Lounge, Annual Spring Luncheon. Dr. Preston Bradley, Speaker. Guests of Honor, Mrs. Emil J. Hildebrecht, Pres. Ninth Dist., I. F. W. C. and Mrs. Preston Bradley.....12:30 p.m.

Men's Club—Monday, May 25, Anderson Hall..... 8:00 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club—Tuesday, May 12th, Chicago Tour, with dinner in Chinatown. Reservations with Elizabeth Porter, UPtown 8-6047.. 6:30 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director
In Memoriam

Drama Tea, Sunday, May 10th, Anderson Hall (*see page* 20).....4:00 p.m.

Channing Club (young people of High School age) 1st & 3rd Friday..... 8:00 p.m.

Choir Rehearsals—Every Thursday in the Church Auditorium..... 8:00 p.m.

Usher's Club, Secretary, Henry R. Wandrey, 2244 S. Hamlin Ave.
CRawford 7-7104

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Friday, Anderson Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Friday, Bradley Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Every Sunday morning, entire church service.....,11:00 a.m.-12:30 p.m.

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